He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Enſigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieſhu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge moſt gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gouer. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Piſtoll.*

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praiſe God I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour;
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muſler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſphericall ſtone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent deſcription of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hangd muſt he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let

Let man go free, and let not d
But *Exeter* hath giuen the do
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go ſpeake, the Duk
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall th
With edge of penny cord, and
Speake Captaine for his life, a

Flew. Captaine *Piſtoll*, I partl

Piſt. Why then reioyce there

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Piſt*
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne broth
To do his pleaſure, and put hi
For looke you, diſciplines oug
They ought to be kept.

Piſt. Die and be damned, an

Flew. That is good.

Piſt. The figge of *Spaine* wi

Flew. That is very well.

Piſt. I ſay the fig within thy

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cann
thunder?

Gower. Why is this the Anci
I remember him now, he is a ba

Flew. By Ieſus he is vtter as pr
As you ſhall deſire to ſee in a ſ
But tis all one, what he hath ſe
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a
That goes to the wars onely to
At his returne to London:
And ſuch fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Command
They will learne by rote where
At ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſu

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